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A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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MARCEL MARTIN

WOMEN'S EDITOR

ALISON HUNTER

ART DIRECTOR

EVE ELLOREE

STAFF ARTISTS

GEORGE MORTENSON
TONY REYES

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"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

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EDITORIAL

On several occasions in recent months ONE has had the privilege of being able, in its various features, to call the attention of its readers to apparent changes in public attitudes toward homosexuality as reflected in books, movies, revisions of penal codes and so forth. In pointing out these developments ONE has referred to them, in general, as significant indications of the progress being made in the struggle for the legal and social emancipation of the homosexual.

There have indeed been meaningful and important changes and it is not our wish nor intention to belittle them now, but we do feel that before any of us begin thinking that the battle has been won we should stop for a few moments of sober appraisal and attempt to view these changes and developments in their proper perspective.

It is quite true that ONE, as has been pointed out, can today publish with impunity material which only a few years or even months ago we would not have dared to publish. It is equally true that the movies, the stage, magazines and newspapers—even television and radio—now refer openly to homosexuality and exploit homosexual themes which they would not have dared or cared to touch not so long ago. This would appear to have considerable significance, and perhaps it does. But it is equally true that these same media are discussing *all* sexual matters with a tremendously increased frankness. Today the movies and, particularly, television which in just this season has been proudly announcing and presenting “adult” drama, are unblushingly dealing with sexual problems—heterosexual in the main, of course—with a frankness which judged by even comparatively recent standards is downright shocking. Sex has, to be sure, long been standard fare for these media, but it has usually been presented only in its most generalized, impersonal and prosaic aspects. Now, these same media are beginning to explore the specific aspects of man’s total sexuality as it is experienced by and as it affects the individual man.

The question, we feel, that we must ask ourselves, therefore, is whether the developments we have pointed out reflect any real change in majority attitudes toward homosexuality itself or whether they are but reflections of society’s liberalized attitude toward the problems, or, more properly, the discussion of the problems, of man’s sexual nature. Reluctantly we must say that we lean toward the latter explanation, for the fact is that we do not feel that the basic attitudes of society as a whole toward you and me as individuals has, as yet, changed very much. Caution on the part of the individual is still very much in order.

This is not to deny or to belittle, however, the claims we have already made. The fact that individual and special problems of sexuality can be considered, presented and discussed with increasing frankness in popular and public media is in itself a significant breakthrough. Recognition of a condition, and discussion, either for or against, that condition must precede any change. The advantages and opportunities which are now presented to the various homophile movements, to the homophile press, and to the discerning homosexual have never been so great, and they should be exploited to the fullest. This is no time for timidity, but neither is it the time to give offense or to take unnecessary risks. We are, quite possibly, on the threshold of an era in which we can hope to accomplish goals undreamed of ten years ago if we act boldly and aggressively. But, never, in our opinion has it been more important for all of us, organized groups, publications, and, particularly, individuals, to conduct ourselves with discretion, common sense, and, above all, good taste.

Marcel Martin,
Associate Editor

Gentle Sir

*Love is not love that ponders what men think,
Or pauses to observe amenities.
It is a desert wanderer mad to drink;
It is fanatic, full of frailties.
Love has no pattern hard and fast—
May bind a maid to maid or man to man.
It may be transient or forever last,
And no less passionate though under ban.*

*Love is amoral. It is holy fire
Burning upon the hearthstone of the heart.
A gift and giving, it is not for hire,
Nor is dissuaded when it will depart.
If you would bring our love into fruition,
Accept then, Gentle Sir, this definition.*

James Ramp

Testament

I

Not that your hair is brown nor that your eyes
Are as a winter sea at noon, grey-blue;
Not that your brow is broad beyond surmise
Of sculptor, or your skin of honey hue.
Your hands which make my body wake and thrill—
Dreaming their touch upon me—are enough
Reason for my entanglement; yet still
Desire's web is spun of subtler stuff.

These are not reasons why I love you—no.
Your beauty sways me with its virile breath
But I'm not captive to it for I know
Perfection perishes with age and death.
I find no reason why I love you as I do
Saving that I am I and you are you.

II

You are the sun of my desire, the wide
Surge of all seas, of moon-gold night the hush.
Time waits for you on morning mountainside;
For you the lark sings, and the drowsy thrush.
The beauty carved garment of your limbs—
Clear as a face upon a Roman coin—
Is wrought of flesh whose white translucence dims
The azured arteries of thigh and groin.

Now be it said: when you are blowing dust,
Your words to silence given and your eyes
Closed on the world forever; when I must
Seek consolation in religious lies:
That heart was never moved as mine is moved
To love a man as man was never loved.

III

Oh make me not ashamed of this great love
That is as natural as rain from heaven;
A pulse that leaps the heart of time to move,
Yeast in the sour bread of life a leaven.
I give it to you gladly, asking naught
To bind you to a promise or a place.
My lips are not with consequences fraught.
Age sets no traps cosmetic on my face.

Lie with me. Let me feel the virile strands
Of your crisp hair against my breast and throat,
Weighing your splendid manhood in my hands,
Leaning above you tenderly to gloat . . .
Lie with me for an hour and let me hear
Your marching heart go by beneath my ear.

IV

Mine is desire no casual glance may gauge.
Mine is a thirst no draught can satisfy.
Mine is a hunger crusts cannot assuage.
No kindliness can still this urgent cry.
The sophistry of swift tongues may deceive
Only uncertain lovers—never me.
I yield myself completely to receive
The gift of loving unreservedly.

Moth to the flame, lark to the amber dawn,
My eyes besiege the candle of your face.
Steel to the magnet—so my hands are drawn
To touch and contemplate and softly trace
The poem of your limbs in beauty grown,
Lost in the sleep of love beside my own.

V

The fire and the flood of love must spill
Over the brimming heart without regret,
And when the thunder of the pulse is still
The tongue will taste ecstatic passion yet.
Close in the arms of dreaming let me drift
Into the seas of sleep and know my breath
Touches the cheek of my Beloved, whose gift
Will crown with splendor even the day of death.

These are the perfect hours which men recall,
Fallen on desert years and sere with age:
How the cool flesh may melt and merge and all
The blood become an elemental rage.
So are you fashioned for my sure delight,
Your body bound to mine by tender night.

VI

Men close the door on evening when the fire
Defies the crouching dark, the autumn chill,
And the dead day becomes an old desire
Stirring the blood which night now bids be still.
With random talk or solitary book,
Stranger to care, each in his safe abode
Lifts to the chimney wind a dreaming look . . .
The world goes by unheard upon the road.

Men close the door on evening, but the heart
Cannot be closed to love, however fain
A man might be to see this guest depart
Into the lonely black November rain.
So come you in, to holy supper spread:
Here is my hand, my hunger, and my bed.

VII

Leander saw this moon. Fond Eloise
Rose from her prayers to drink this blossoming dark.
Beneath these stars swart Caesar took his ease
Upon a perfumed barge. The passionate spark
That drove mad Launcelot to pilgrimage
Was struck from yonder white Aldebaran,
Even as Venus now casts down a gauge
Of the immortal fire we gaze upon.

Surely all lovers through the echoing years
Must move about us in a voiceless shade,
Recalled by us to ecstasy and tears
And all the tender vows their lips once made.
We love not of ourselves alone, we bear
The dreams of these and all their bright despair.

VIII

Hardest of all for lovers to believe
That by no mortal magic, no pathetic art,
The heights forsaken, two cannot achieve
Those heights again. So my rebellious heart
Strains toward a lost horizon and demands
That time return and lift us up again
To peaks that dominate far purple lands
And April's kingdom tender green with grain.

Better to bide contented in the groves
And lift the eyes no higher than the trees;
To eat affection's dry unconsecrated loaves,
And of life's heady wine accept the lees.
Passion is madness and desire a snare.
Love is a venture only gods ought dare.

IX

And Oh my Dear, I know whereof I speak!
Even the sorriest souls grow somehow great
And tiger strength is granted to the weak
When Love finds lodging in them. Soon or late
Even Earth's unremarked may burn to flame,
Unwitting though they be, and void of grace.
Their senses may turn star-dust at a Name,
And glory blind their eyes before a Face.

Therefore, Beloved, in the tangled mesh
Of impotent language helplessly I strive
To tell of passion that no mortal flesh
Can long endure and still remain alive.
Time has no slaking draughts, the world no cures . . .
Whether you will or no, it still is yours.

X

If I could lay my head upon your breast
And listen to your heart's unfailing drum:
Music at midnight, tenderness at rest,
The dreams of all my empty days would come
Softly to say: "Here is the place you sought
Eagerly, far, across the dusty earth.
Here is a blessing that cannot be bought,
A treasure fabulous, beyond all worth."

My head upon your breast, where safety, peace
And quiet breathing draw the stings of day.
Bound in your arms, warm healing and release
Would flood my body, washing care away.
I shall have found the grail that ends my quest
If you will bear my head upon your breast.

THE INVISIBLE SOCIETY

by

Carol Bradford

"I wanna go down to the Village and look at the ducks," said a childhood friend of mine on a recent first visit to New York. Thinking naturally of Central Park, I questioned, "ducks?" "You know," she giggled embarrassedly, "Those girls."

Even over the laughter of the moment, I thought what a frightening thing it is that our society of "ducks," dykes, or lesbians, as you wish, is represented to the general unknowing society as unemployed dungaree-clad "truck-driver" transvestites who prey on the emotional problems of otherwise heterosexual women.

I have, at one time or another, lived in most of the major cities in this country and know, as you do, that at least 85% of the successful career women in each of these cities are lesbians. They are respected by their professional contemporaries, revered by their communities, envied by the suburban housewives, and courted by all available bachelors. Probably not one in five is suspected of what society terms perversion.

Yet because of their unobtrusive personal lives, they are not, as they

should be representing the criterion of lesbianism. They cannot, because the low rate of understanding among the general public would jeopardize their jobs and livelihoods.

And yet, to allow the public image to remain that of the bar-cruising bull-dyke, is forfeiting our own self-respect and certainly not leading society into any better understanding of lesbianism as a whole.

In some respects I am thankful for the crude exposition articles printed by the slander magazines. They have, even though done in bad taste, at least notified John Q. Public that such a thing exists . . . and exists among the very people who are their idols.

This has created a growing interest among the heterosexual world in homosexuality as a whole. The curiosity of the normal male is especially aroused, I think, by the possibility of attractive and exciting women who do not find him so. The attitude of the male who finds a woman is a lesbian, generally is to "show her what a man really is." This triples the thrill of hopeful conquest. Their attitude is not by any means accept-

ance . . . but it is curiosity and interest. That alone is a step forward.

Literature has done much with the reading public to focus some ray of understanding. It is true many trashy pocketbook novels are written, inevitably with suicide or "finding the light to heterosexuality" endings, which deter, rather than further acceptance. But the Ann Aldrich series, Claire Morgan's "Price of Salt," and even several of the recent celebrity biographies about relationships between renowned women, has created a sober interest among readers in lesbianism, not as a sideshow, but a way of life.

Lesbianism is finding its way into the public eye. It is interesting now to see how far Hollywood has gone with the film adaption of Lillian Hellman's "Children's Hour." Sartre's "No Exit" has been done at least a half a dozen times in New York City off-Broadway houses and showcase productions as well as on WNTA's "Play of the Week." Even "Auntie Mame," both stage and screen versions, had, unfortunately again, a stereo-type truck-driver dyke in the party scene. Every infrequent showing of the French film "Pit of Loneliness" plays to packed and interested audiences.

I wish I had an immediate solution that would make it easy for all of us. Much greater minds than mine are at a loss with this delicate subject. It is easy to say to our "invisible" colleagues, "Don't hide it. Make them respect you for what you are." But we all know this is implausible and impossible. This country would shortly have very gay unemployment lines.

The two major issues John Q. Public has yet to accept are, 1. We won't seduce their children, and 2. We are capable of lasting relationships. I don't believe the percentage of our society that has taken advantage of youngsters is as large as the

percentage of heterosexuals who have raped young girls. But the second part is not so much fallacy.

Our relationships are more fleeting, less substantial than a heterosexual marriage. This, I believe, is simply and totally because of the secretive pressure we are constantly under. It is difficult to hide constantly any love and keep it in flower.

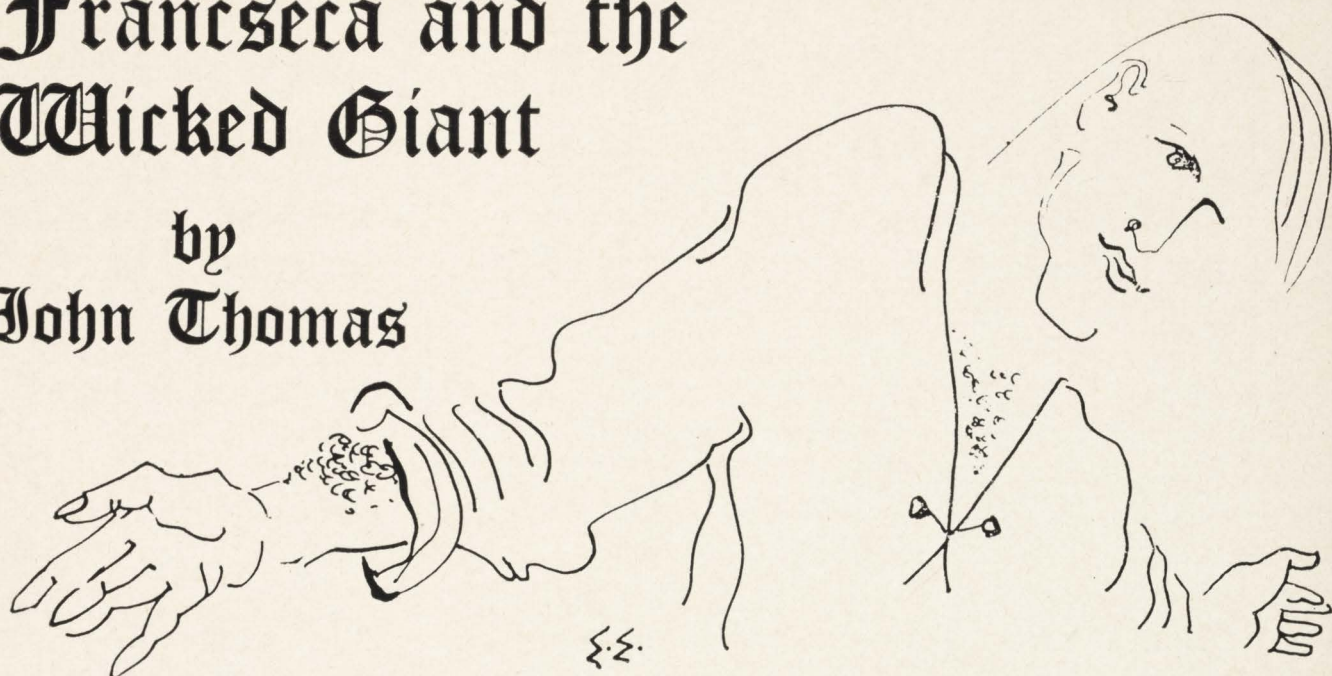
Our relationships are often principally physical ones . . . because we are not allowed to bring them out of the bedroom. Our marriages, which are just as sacred to us as any religious ceremony, are constantly harassed by "Be careful how you look at me in public," "Uncle John's coming to visit, push the beds apart so he won't suspect," "We can't buy a house together, how will I explain it to my folks," "Make sure you kiss Ed good-night, so he won't think anything's funny," "Don't wear your matching little-finger ring when you drop by the office today, someone might notice," and on and on. Is it any wonder that we fight violently and frequently and a five-year relationship is considered extra-ordinary? It's a miracle we all aren't on constant sedation for a nervous condition.

I have seen many life-long happy marriages between girls who happen to be fortunate enough to work in fields where homosexuality is frequent and completely accepted. The theatre, some phases of advertising, public relations, press agenting, writers, artists and illustrators, all are fortunate in the acceptance of their cohorts. They have to be careful only with outside acquaintances and family, who generally label them "strange," or "perpetual old maids."

We have, on the whole, made tremendous strides the past few years. If the influx of good lesbian literature, plays, and films continue to build, we may find ourselves not too far in the future, not just tolerated, but accepted, "ducks" and all.

Francesca and the Wicked Giant

by
John Thomas



Once upon a time, in a kingdom far away, there lived a beautiful little girl named Francesca. She was the fairest maiden in all the land, and by the time she was ten years old the word of her great beauty had reached the ears of the old king himself. He was so impressed by what he had heard that he made a special visit to the little village in which she lived, just to see her with his own eyes. With him he brought his queen, who was a vain and haughty woman, and their son the prince, a shy lad of twelve. They entered the village in a gorgeous procession. The horses pranced and curvetted; the robes of the royal ministers were stiff with gold and silver thread; reflections from the armor of the palace guard and from the great rubies in the king's crown dazzled the eyes of the simple villagers.

The old king dismounted and sat on a cushion under a canopy of white satin, with his queen at his right hand and the young prince at his left. While the soldiers scattered about in search of fodder for the horses and sheep for their own dinner, the lord chancellor located the humble cottage where Francesca lived with her parents. He led her before the king, bringing her father and mother too. The honest couple trembled and clung together in fear, never having seen a king before, but Francesca, who was as innocent and trusting as she was lovely, only smiled and kissed the fat old king on the chin.

The king was so struck by her beauty and her fetching ways that he said to his queen, "This is the loveliest maiden in my realm. She is fit to wear a crown herself. We will take her in charge. Then, when she is sixteen, she shall marry our son and be his consort. I have spoken!"

The proud queen was less taken by Francesca than was her consort, but for the sake of appearances she inclined her head in agreement. The prince blushed and twiddled his thumbs. He hoped the whole embarrassing business might end so that he could go home to his books and his stamp collection.

When the sun went down there was a great feast on the village green. Afterwards, the royal company rode home by torchlight, taking with them Francesca and her frightened parents. Next day the villagers found that the king's visit had cost them all of their fodder and most of their food. They went hungry for weeks, and forever after that day was considered the high point in village history.

Francesca's father and mother were installed in the servants' quarters at the

royal palace and were told that they need never work again. From ease and rich food, they both fell into a decline, passed away, and were given a touching little funeral. Francesca herself was placed in a convent right away, to learn from the holy virgins all the many things a maid must know if she is to become a wife and, later, a queen. It was thought best to keep her there until she was sixteen, to protect her incredible beauty from the prying eyes of the vulgar.

The six years passed slowly. In general they were peaceful years, years with no wars or famines, no bandits on the highroads. True, there were tales of a fierce giant who lived in the forest and was said to abduct young girls, but he was probably the invention of some superstitious peasant.

Francesca wrote once a month from the convent, saying that she was very happy.

One night in the second year, the fat old king died at table after having eaten forty-three squabs, a rabbit pie, and most of a plum pudding. His queen undertook to rule the realm until her son was old enough to do it himself, and she managed very well.

The prince grew tall and slim and comely. His hair was like gold, his limbs were graceful, his blue eyes hid beneath dark lashes. He spent most of his time alone in his chambers, reading and dreaming. This did not please his mother, who thought he should practice at tilting and swordplay and so learn to be a proper king.

At last the six years passed. Francesca was now sixteen and the young prince was eighteen. It was time for them to be married, in accordance with the wish of the old king. The queen, who loved pomp and splendor, sent to the convent a cavalcade of two hundred noble maidens, each dressed in blue and riding a chestnut horse. Francesca, clad in her wedding dress, was delivered to them, placed upon a white mare, and escorted down the tree-lined road to the palace. She was a young woman now, lovelier than ever, and she shone among those two hundred maidens as the moon among stars.

Supervised closely by his mother, the prince had dressed and perfumed his hair. Then, with some difficulty, he had mounted a white stallion. He sat moodily on his horse in the palace courtyard, awaiting the procession of maidens that would bring his new bride.

Finally he saw them, sweeping into view around a bend in the road. But what was this? They were galloping hard, moaning and crying out, and among them he saw no bride, no white mare. They crowded into the courtyard and tried to tell, all of them at once, the terrible thing that had occurred.

It seems that when they had journeyed nearly halfway to the palace, and while they rode through a particularly dense part of the forest, a horrible hairy giant had leaped out from amongst the trees, plucked the beautiful Francesca from her horse, and carried her off.

How terrible! The whole populace was thunderstruck! The queen declared a month of official lamentation; prayers for Francesca were said in all the churches of the land. The prince went back to his books and his dreams.

With the unfortunate Francesca flung over his shoulder like a trophy of the hunt, the wicked giant strode through the forest to his tower. How she wept as he carried her up the winding stairs! How pale she grew when they reached the giant's filthy chamber! Without a word he flung her upon his great bed, among the gnawed bones and greasy quilts. He tore the wedding gown from her trembling body and brutally ravished her. Then, while she was still weeping from

his first assault, he seized her and violated her once more, forcing the most hideous indignities upon the helpless girl.

The next morning, after ravishing her again, he whipped her with a willow switch and ordered her to prepare his breakfast. He ate in silence, then went off to hunt, carefully locking the door of the tower as he left. Francesca spent the day rubbing grease on her smarting posterior and gazing out the high window. At sundown the giant returned, carrying a dead sheep. He made her roast it for him, ate it brutishly, then beat her again and dragged her to bed. After submitting her to hours of unspeakable humiliation, the giant fell asleep.

And so the days passed, each like every other, until Francesca began to wonder if she had ever lived another kind of life. Had she ever really played on a village green and gone to church with her parents, and had she once giggled with other maidens in a convent far away, or were these merely dreams?

Meanwhile, things went badly at the palace. The haughty old queen was furious. How dare a filthy giant make light of royalty? Something had to be done! To make matters worse for her, the handsome young prince did not seem to care at all. He read, played the flute, and wrote poems, for all the world as if his princely honor had not been flouted.

"If you were a real man," the queen would shout at him over breakfast, "you would go into the forest, kill that great lout, and rescue your bride-to-be!"

The prince had no answer for this. He would only flush, pick at his food, and hurry away to his own rooms at the first opportunity. But the old lady gave him no peace. Day after day she berated him, appealed to him, cursed and ranted and cajoled. The prince became so upset that he took to his bed and swore he would die if she did not let him be. But with the single-mindedness of a proud woman, she invaded his very bedchamber to lecture him on his duties. Finally, seeing that there would be no rest for him until he yielded, he threw up his hands in despair.

"Very well, then, Mother!" he groaned. "I'll try! Fetch me a sword or some such beastly thing, and I'll have a go at it."

The very next morning, mounted on his white stallion, sword at side, the prince rode forth amid the cheers of the populace. The queen coldly watched from her balcony as he bounced off down the road that led to the forest.

The poor prince was dreadfully nervous. By the time he had reached the edge of the forest, he was so terrified that he lost his breakfast. But the ogre at home was real, and he dared not return to her empty-handed; the ogre who lay ahead could be no worse, he thought. So, with a heavy heart, he made his way among the great trees to the giant's tower, reaching it in the late afternoon.

Francesca was at the window, and she saw him as he approached through the trees. She called to him. He dismounted and came up to stand at the foot of the tower.

"Er . . . it's only me, Francesca," he stammered.

"Well, of course it's you, George," she replied. "What do you want?"

"Why, ah . . . I'd like to come up, if I may."

"Certainly, George," smiled Francesca, "but the door is locked, so you'll have to climb the ivy."

He had always been a nimble lad and he had no trouble scampering up the thick old vines. In a twinkling he had clambered through the window and stood before Francesca, brushing his doublet.

"Now then, George," smiled Francesca, "what is it?"

Averting his eyes from her scantily clad form, he mumbled, "Oh, ah . . . I've come to rescue you, don't y'know. Kill the giant, carry you home in triumph, and all that. Has to be done, Mother says. Can't have giants mucking about, abducting maidens and that sort of thing. Won't do, you see."

A shadow of annoyance passed over Francesca's angelic face. Then she smiled again.

"Well, that's very chivalrous of you, George," she said, "but scarcely practical. You're not strong enough to kill a giant . . . and besides, I don't want to be rescued."

"You don't what?" cried the prince.

"I don't want to be rescued. I'm really quite happy here."

The prince couldn't believe his ears.

"But the brute must treat you horribly!" he wailed. "How can you bear it—the humiliation, the maltreatment, the vile and shameful . . . !" He shuddered, unable to continue.

"I admit it took getting used to, George," said Francesca, "but now I've acquired a taste for it, and life as your bride would seem, if you'll pardon me, a little dull."

She glanced down and adjusted the scrap of wedding gown which barely covered her.

"Well," frowned the prince, "if you really want to stick it out, I don't suppose..."

Their conversation was interrupted by the sound of the tower door being thrown open. They heard heavy footsteps on the stairs.

"Quick. George, that's him!" whispered Francesca urgently. "Now run along home while you can, there's a good lad!"

At the first sound of the giant's approach, the prince had begun to quake in terror. Now he leaped for the window, but the great sword his mother had buckled round him became entangled with his legs and he fell to the floor in a pitiful heap. At that moment the giant entered the chamber. Spying the cowering prince, he snatched him up by the nape of his neck and bellowed:

"Who is this little jackanapes?"

"Oh, he's just a young chap I used to know," Francesca replied. "He means no harm. Do you, George?"

The prince begged for mercy. "Please, sir, let me go," he implored, "and I promise I'll never bother you again!"

The giant studied his new captive from under shaggy brows. Then he cuffed him with the back of his hand and knocked him over the table. He collared him again and gave him a mighty kick. The luckless prince bounced off the wall and fell to the floor. Certain his hour had come, he crawled under the bed and began to pray. The giant hauled him out, flung him face-down across the bed, and held him there squirming like a bug.

"Oh dear!" cried Francesca, wringing her hands. "Don't kill George! He's really a very nice boy."

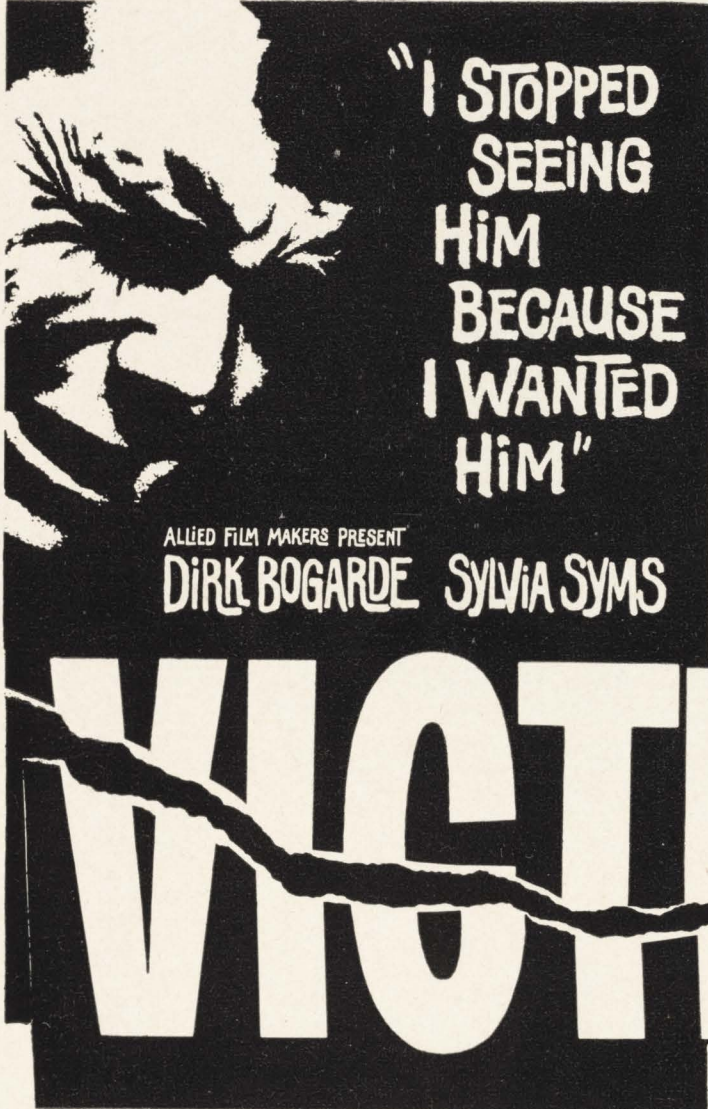
But the giant had other plans. He pulled the prince's pantaloons down to his knees and proceeded to ravish him just as he had Francesca. He abused the howling lad for an hour, while Francesca stood in a corner biting her lips. To augment his cruel pleasure, he dealt the prince resounding smacks on his bare buttocks.

Long before the end of his ordeal, the prince's pleas for mercy became cries of pleasure. He sighed like a girl and begged for harder blows. Spasms of pleas-

ure shook him from head to toe, and no sooner had the giant finished with him than he found himself wishing it would begin all over again.

Now the giant shouted for his dinner. When he had eaten his fill, he took both Francesca and the prince to bed with him and spent the night in a prodigious debauch. His amorous vigor lasted until dawn, constantly revived as it was by the eagerness of the prince and by Francesca's talent for devising fresh and picturesque combinations. At last he fell asleep with his two little captives snuggled blissfully in his arms.

An so, my children, neither Francesca nor her prince ever returned from the dark forest. They spent the rest of their lives in the tower with the wicked giant. The old queen proclaimed another month of national mourning and then ruled as absolute monarch, which was what she had always wanted to do anyway. And they *all* lived happily ever after!



**"I STOPPED
SEEING
HIM
BECAUSE
I WANTED
HIM"**

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one

tangents

news & views

by sal mcintire

WHO'S ARTY?

Over a period of 6 years, psychologists at the Berkeley campus of UC, under a grant by Carnegie Corporation, studied some 600 persons noted for creativity, and in an article in the 2-10-62 SATURDAY REVIEW, "What Makes A Person Creative?", Dr. Donald MacKinnon gives the results. Pertinent to us is their finding that the men as a group did not give evidence of increased homosexual interests or experiences.

This backs up what some have long claimed—that the average homosexual is different from the average heterosexual in only one respect—preferring a sexual partner of the same sex. And as far as artistic creators go, it sure backs up our 10-year experience here at ONE. As our overworked Art Director, Eve Elloree, has been screaming, "Where are all these artistic queens I've been hearing about for years?"

REALLY PUTTING THE BASKET BACK IN BASKETBALL

Seems like the 25-boy basketball team of Muncie High School in Indiana last January was returning home in their bus one night in a wild celebrating spirit after winning a game against another school. Rumors started flying that the celebrating had included 4 of the varsity players "abusing" 7 of the younger reserve players, and the furor really got going after the father of one of the abused players complained publicly. School officials tried to hush it all up, saying it was an "internal" affair, and that 4 varsity players had been suspended, but the newspapers kept at it, hinting like mad. Finally none other than the Indiana State Police stepped in and after some questioning said it was established that the youths were beaten and "forced to remove their trousers for indecent acts of degeneracy."

The last word we had of it, the ruckus had bogged down into a

hilarious legal snafu. The prosecutors of 3 counties were wildly tossing the hot potato to each other, denying "venue"—for it seems that wild ride had covered 3 counties and nobody made any notes on exactly where who was doing what to whom!

FLORIDA STILL VERY WARM FOR MAE

The witchhunt is still going on in Florida which about a year ago set up a special investigation on sex deviation by a State Legislative Investigating Committee. In Tallahassee alone, 36 men in 2 months were convicted for soliciting for lewd acts at the Greyhound bus station. Governor Bryant says a series of schools has been set up for law enforcement officers, to acquaint them with the problem and how to deal with it. Also that outstanding authorities on the subject will be brought in to lecture, which could be good—if they pick the right "authorities." But a quote from the actual head of one of the "schools" is that "We are seeking to emphasize to these law enforcement officials that cases made against such individuals should be based on evidence carefully collected and properly presented." In other words, how to nab 'em, nail 'em, and make it stick.

TRAGIC TRIANGLE

The Michigan papers ran the photos of the man and the 2 women who were all schoolteachers in their late 20's, showing all 3 were remarkably attractive. Patricia Hite had "shared a home," as the papers phrased it, with Marilyn Fair for 4 years. Then the latter became engaged to Hubert Kreitmeyer. The man was found shot dead in his apartment and a murder charge issued against Miss Hite, who finally was tracked down

at her parent's farm, where she had driven into the barnyard and fired a bullet between her eyes. The survivor, Marilyn, said to the press that the other woman had become distressed about the coming marriage.

HONEY, YOU'RE STILL JUST A QUEEN, YOUR MOTHER IS STILL ALIVE:

"My name is Countess Rowena de Silva of Greece," the superbly groomed blonde in the Rolls-Royce loftily told the London cops. The hit-and-run chase had been instigated and joined by an infuriated tourist, a Mr. Schneider of Old Nichol Street, Shoreditch, whose car (a lowly Rover) had been banged into by the Rolls-Royce.

Days later, in court—and, brazenly, still dressed as a woman—the 29-year-old man, Robin Ashton-Rose, gave a statement which is one of the most ladylike quotes of the year: "I dared not disclose that I was a man at the time or the other driver would have set about me. He was extraordinarily abusive."

Mr. Ashton-Rose admitted he had gotten flustered and had given the cops the name of his mother (who actually is a Countess!) He was fined five pounds for giving a false name and not stopping after an accident. He paid it, and with Italian hairdo, painted fingernails, high heels, and wearing what the press called "a black two-piece," got back in his Rolls-Royce and drove away.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES & QUEENS:

A certain group of Bob Horton fans are wailing they're wearing nothing but black drag after their idol leaves WAGON TRAIN. Some say they might even picket the studio. Which reminds us of the

fabulous faggots in Genet's *THE THIEF'S JOURNAL* who made a procession to pay last respects to a favorite **pissoire** that was going to be torn down . . . Everybody's wondering how long that bar where the waiters wear only loin cloths is going to last . . . Anybody else wondering if Letch Feeley's fig leaf in that huge camp, *LITTLE ME*, had to be that big? . . . Stanwyck's role in *WALK ON THE WILD SIDE* is a juicy one, that of a lesbian madam . . . In Munich, just before the premiere of his new play at the Little Comedy Theatre, Helmut Weiss, long famous as actor, author, and producer of conversation pieces, was arrested for alleged acts with 2 other men but was cleared in 48 hours. His attorney said the charge was an act of revenge by a young actor who didn't get a role . . . The editors of *VIM* and *GYM*, two beefcake magazines, were convicted by a U. S. District Judge in Chicago last February of conspiracy to mail obscene matter, and one count was promoting a pen pal club . . . In Athens, 67-year-old Archbishop Iakovos was elected Primate of the Orthodox Church of Greece but then a parish priest formally lodged a charge of "unmentionable acts" . . . Julien Green's play about the Civil War, "South," which has a homosexual officer in it, was refused a license for public showing in England in 1955 by the Lord Chamberlain but now has been okayed . . . Six cowboys from the same ranch near Marshville, Utah, were charged with "crimes against nature." The 45-year-old foreman was one of the six . . . Pyramid Books has a new Fletcher Flora paperback, "Strange Sisters." And "The Sixth Man" is now out in paperback. Jess Stearn, the author, is slated to appear at the Daughters of Bilitis convention. Hope he isn't

sickened by the sight of blood. Homophile conclaves have a way of getting rough. Like good old Havelock Ellis said, homosexuality is always the most prevalent in the most warlike tribes . . . The City Council of Reno frantically whipped up one of those silly anti-female-impersonating laws when *THE JEWEL BOX REVUE* headed its way after a long Los Angeles run . . . Watch for increased worry-talk about population explosion. Brains like Huxley have been warning of it a long time. Could it be that some easing of the law like in Illinois recently is partially due to this very real danger? . . . In La Puente, Calif., Stanley Montonya, 23-year-old female impersonator, succeeded only halfway in his murder-then-suicide plans — only nicked his 24-year-old-roommate . . . The reviews of the new Queen Christina biography sound like it horribly hetero's her . . . Van Cliburn was to show up for rehearsing Tchaikovsky's 1st Piano Concerto with the L. A. Philharmonic. They waited. And waited. Finally they all went home. Van later said he overslept. But he showed up at the concert and did Peter's old war-horse up brown to a SRO house . . . If you're in L. A., don't miss seeing the gayest calendar hanging in *ONE's* offices that a Texas friend womped up using male fashion ads with gaylarious captions . . . We get the damndest suggestions from visitors that drop by. One was for building gay fall-out shelters. Another was for our annually announcing *THE QUEER OF THE YEAR*—and he had some kinky nominations, too! . . . 2 clever-named places in L. A.: "Le Gai Pooch" on Santa Monica, a clip joint for longhairs, and a men's clothing shop on San Vicente (advertising "Hip Hugger" slax) called "Ah Men."

The Homosexual Aid Society in the Middle of the 21st Century

by Roger Barth

Early today, June 1, 2060, I entered the Great City for the first time. I could feel my heart pumping as I made a beeline for the Homosexual Aid Society Headquarters. The taxi driver knew where to go; no need to look in the phone book, as in the smaller cities.

Of course, I had never been anywhere before that had over 10,000 people—the crucial number. The situation in the small towns had not been really bad. To be sure, according to the terms of the historic Concordat that emancipated the homosexuals, only in those cities of over 10,000 population were they completely free—free to live as they wished and with whom they wished, free to meet and love, and so forth. But the Concordat explicitly guaranteed the right of every homosexual, as a human being, to live wherever he wanted; it was only a homosexual act—defined as sexual intercourse between two people of the same sex—that was prohibited in the smaller communities. In this way the American people felt they had achieved a sensible compromise: the basic fabric of American life had always been the small town, and it was decided that these small towns would henceforth remain

heterosexual, and homosexuals were allowed to live there but homosexuality as an act was illegal.

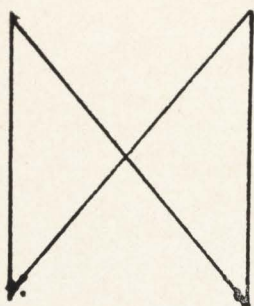
In the small town where I was born everyone had been pleasant. They had all known about me. When I was about six someone asked if I liked boys or girls. I said boys, and they kept asking me from time to time. After some years it seemed conclusive, and so they would say, “Some day you will become a member of the Homosexual Aid Society and live in a large city.”

The taxi left me in the middle of the 9-block area that belongs to the Society, in front of the main building with its familiar twin towers that everyone knows from the pictures, one tower representing the men, the other the women, both rising out of their common base, and it is one of the noblest examples of that gently curving but severely classical style of architecture that the homosexuals introduced at the very end of the 20th century.

The main building is surrounded by the other buildings, such as the Sports Pavilion, the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, the Cultural Museum with its Grand Auditorium for lectures and plays, and the Society's

department store, including its supermarket.

In between the buildings are the outdoor floral displays of the public parks, and many of them are arranged in the shape of the twin triangles, our homosexual symbol. It is interesting to see this symbol everywhere, painted or carved in low relief on walls, or standing as a three-dimensional emblem, or woven into our banners. And, of course, every homosexual man and woman wears this symbol proudly, on the lapel, or as a necklace, or displayed in some other conspicuous way. I am glad this particular symbol was chosen. Each triangle, standing on one



of its points with its long base rising vertically, would be unstable by itself (like a lonely homosexual) were it not attached to the other one at the apex, but joined in this way they give stability to each other by forming a single new figure. Notice also that the two triangles must be identical in shape (referring to the similarities between any two homosexual friends), and that this symbol applies equally well to men and women, having nothing specifically sexual about it.

The Society's major purposes are listed in their excellent pamphlet given to each person becoming a member. The first purpose mentioned is SPECIAL EDUCATION. This means educating the general public and also homosexuals about themselves. This

was listed first only because historically it was at one time the most important need. Now it is hardly necessary, but the Society still gives classes in History of Homosexuality, Famous Past Theories, Eastern and Western Techniques.

The second objective, GENERAL EDUCATION, is more important. This started years ago as a free program to compensate for the educational handicap many homosexuals found themselves with, due to lack of money or lack of time when young or perhaps due to feelings of inferiority that used to hold back many homosexuals in every aspect of their lives. This program has evolved into a full-fledged university, now offering an excellent curriculum, and cooperating rather than competing with the other fine universities and cultural institutions of the Great City. I personally look forward to the Group Excursions. Every weekend there is a variety of these trips to choose from, to museums, historical landmarks, to the country, to sports events, and so on. Some groups are all male, some all female, and others are mixed, depending on the activity planned. In this way an informal process of education is combined with pleasure of socializing.

The third service offered by the Society, called LOCAL INFORMATION, is also a kind of education. It is the confidential printed matter each homosexual may read on arriving in an unfamiliar city. It is especially valuable in this Great City itself. It lists not only the points of interest but also the "informal gay gathering places." So many homosexuals live here that they overflow the necessarily limited quarters of the Society, even though it has local branches in parts of the city. So there are certain restaurants, arcades, or parks where homosexuals are more likely to gather, somewhat reminiscent of the old-fashioned "gay bars" or "gay parks"

which I have read about, but now they are completely approved for their convenience and reliability by the Society in cooperation with the Police Department. Incidentally, it is pleasant to realize that homosexuals are regarded by the Police as among their major allies in law enforcement and not as kinds of criminals, as I have read they were in the past.

The fourth service of the Society is to provide immediate HOTEL ACCOMMODATION, and I write these lines in my small but comfortable room in the men's tower. I am allowed to stay here one week only as the demand is heavy, but the Society has already begun to look for other accommodations.

I have saved the Society's two most important objectives for the last. They are (5) OPPORTUNITY TO MEET and (6) OPPORTUNITY TO MATE.

These have always been the major functions of the Society. I cannot imagine before the Society existed how homosexual men and women met, and everything I have read about the past seems to indicate they had grave difficulties. They didn't even have a symbol to identify themselves! Two homosexuals might know each other for months not being sure the other was also "gay." It is terrifying to think about!

You can spend whole days exploring this main building of the Society. There are the three bars, one for men, one for women, and one for both. They are appropriately furnished as replicas of the 20th Century "gay bars" with old-fashioned jukeboxes. There are the coffee shops, the dining rooms, the cabarets, the Grand Formal Banquet Hall, the Game Rooms devoted to bowling, billiards, ping-pong, chess and all other indoor sports, the Athletic Courts (where you can get into shape for a vacation at the year-round vacation resort in

the Ozarks). There are two fully equipped baths (men, women) in the basement, with steam rooms and dormitory or individual room accommodations for overnight. And there are the medical clinics and hospitals. There are also the special meeting rooms, devoted to a particular hobby or cultural interest. The stamp collectors, the camera fans, the balletomanes, and the politicians, all have their special meeting rooms, each stocked with its own reference books. Can you imagine the extent of the special libraries that serve the natural scientists, the social scientists, the historians, the literary critics, or the philosophers? The Music Library has a huge collection of records and with individual listening rooms. The Art & Architecture Library is world renowned. There are also concert halls of different sizes, and there is a art gallery for contemporary paintings.

Finally, I understand that near the top of both towers there are a few quiet and incense-filled meditation rooms for the most serious-minded group where they can meet one another and discourse at leisure on the eternal problems of life, love, and God. For though the Society is committed to no single religion or philosophy, eastern or western, it holds that each individual should have the freedom to choose from among the many traditional faiths, or to develop a personal philosophy.

This leads me to the final purpose of the Society—to provide the OPPORTUNITY TO MATE. Not all, nor even necessarily the majority of homosexuals, are interested in this. A very large number are content to live in the constant good-fellowship the Society offers, having a wide range of friends to the end of their lives though no single innermost companion. But others need this kind of deep, abiding companionship, and for

those a scheme has been evolved, the full details of which I have not yet learned. It seems to include filling out a very thorough questionnaire in which each person lays bare the inner self, detailing preferences and aims in life, and also describing what kind of mate is desired. Each questionnaire is given a number rather than a name, then all are slowly and painstakingly collated, compared and, if possible, paired with one another. It goes without saying that only those who are really anxious to find a mate use this method, but I understand that the introductions which result from the recommendations of the Mating Committee have been remarkably fruitful in a high per-

centage of cases and have led to the lifelong friendships that were desired. And they are constantly trying to perfect the method even further, for the more thoughtful people in the Society seem to feel that to provide those who are interested with the opportunity of finding a lifelong mate is the noblest goal of all.

Someone has just phoned that he has been assigned as my Companion-Guide. He is to help orient me with all of the facilities and buildings of The Homosexual Aid Society, here, and also with the Great City as a whole. He is also bringing with him the preliminary questionnaires of the Mating Committee which I requested. He is on his way upstairs now.

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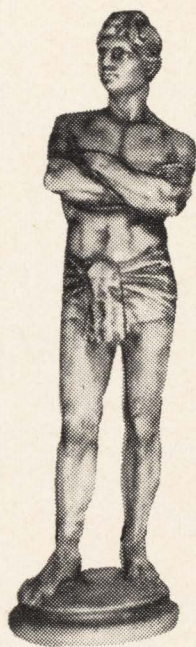
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BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



DOWN THERE ON A VISIT by Christopher Isherwood, Simon & Schuster, \$4.75.

The delightful Isherwood gets away with murder (which is about the only vice his characters don't commit). Reviewers take Coward, Beaton, Williams, Capote, Vidal, et al, over the hot coals, hinting darkly about *The Lavender (or Yellow) Set*. Isherwood's people are twice as outrageously gay, but you have to hunt for a snide review of his works. Is it because he writes about sex so unsexily, in his peculiarly intellectual yet just - go - on - with - your - knitting - dearie - while - I - chat - about - these - people - I - know style? Or is it his amazing honesty that disarms them?

This latest of his is listed as fiction and a novel. But it is four reminiscences by a character named "Christopher Isherwood." The first episode is "Mr. Lancaster," set in Berlin when Isherwood is 23. The next is at age 28 and called "Ambrose," who is a wonderfully flaming rich queen who buys an island off Greece (and who talks of "when we get into power" how the hetero's will be tolerated if they do it "in decent privacy"). The next episode regards a German boy, "Waldemar," when Isherwood is 32. The last is at age 36 and is laid—and I do mean laid—mostly in Beverly Hills. It is of "Paul," the world's most

expensive (Isherwood gives him \$10,000) male whore, who ends up the book in Paris in 1953 as a hashish addict.

When Isherwood doesn't attempt the broader novel and confines himself to the reminiscent style as in this work and the earlier *Berlin Stories*, he achieves total believableness. You can't pay a bigger compliment to fiction than to say you never for a minute thought it was.

K. O. Neal

THE GARDEN by Kathrin Perutz, New York, Atheneum, 1962, 185 pp., \$3.95.

This first book by Miss Perutz is not what could strictly be called a "gay" novel; however, it deals with the all-important phase of homosexuality which many young girls experience as they seek their way toward womanhood and the meaning of love.

Kathrin Perutz was born in New York City in 1939. She received her B.A. Degree from Barnard College in 1960 and has traveled in South America and most of the European countries and Russia. A picture of her by Liesl Steiner appears on the back of the very attractive dust jacket.

The Garden is an impressive book to come from the pen of so young an author. It is a sensitive and delightful account of a love affair of two young

girls in a plushy Vermont college for women. It is a satisfying love for both girls and lasts for two years. It is also a satisfying love to a reader who is sick and tired of bad writing on the subject. Much nonsense about homosexuality and lesbianism is kicked out of the window by the young author in the first pages of the book and never referred to again. Love is love and her main character, Kathy, enjoys it to the hilt and gains all there is to be gained from such an experience without guilt or morbid pages of Freudian analysing.

Miss Perutz may be delicate or bawdy, hilarious or sublime as she weeds her "garden" of love, but she compels admiration and attention from her very first line: "*The morning I found her dead was gray, and the toast at breakfast had been burnt*" . . . to the very last.

Sten Russell

THE COMPLETE RONALD FIRBANK by Ronald Firbank, Gerald Duckworth, London, 1961, 766 pp., \$7.75.

In issuing the writings of Ronald Firbank in one volume, the publishers of *The Complete Ronald Firbank* have provided all of us a wonderful way of becoming acquainted or, perhaps, reacquainted with this highly special, wildly amusing author.

Firbank's "wonderland" is particularly to be appreciated in these times: the gayety and nonsense, the beauty of his fanciful kingdoms and island paradises are sheer fun, tinged with a gentle sadness. His world is a stylish world, chic, elegant, but touched with wit and imagination and presented with exquisite craftsmanship. His sort of imagination is not used today, except in measuring how many megatons it would take to destroy Cucamonga. It was under the strictest

and deftest discipline, and it is what produces grace, charm, wit, and devastation—but devastation to giggle at not to wail over. Firbank's success, and the pleasure in reading him, spring from the atmosphere of pure enjoyment which he manages to create. He should be approached in a spirit of tolerance; it is a mistake to expect too much: either the reader finds entertainment, even food for thought, in the Firbankian universe, or he does not. Firbank's preoccupation with society ladies, ecclesiastics, lesbians, crowned heads and beautiful negresses carrying on against a background of jewel-like, rococo kingdoms, Greek isles or Caribbean sea, will not be to everyone's taste:

Midnight had ceased chiming from the Belfry tower, and the last seguidilla had died away. Looking fresh as a rose, and incredibly juvenile in his pyjamas of silver-grey and scarlet (the racing colors of Vittoria, Duchess of Vizeu), the Cardinal seemed disinclined for bed.

Surveying in detachment the preparatives for his journey (set out beneath an El Greco Christ, with outspread, delicate hands), he was in the mood to dawdle.

"These for the Frontier. Those for the train," he exclaimed aloud, addressing a phantom porter.

Among the personalia was a passport, the likeness of identity showing him in a mitre, cute to tears, though, essentially, orthodox; a flask of Napoleon brandy, to be "declared" if not consumed before leaving the peninsula; and a novel, SELF-ESSENCE, on the Index, or about to be . . .

Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli

The Queen had a passion for motor-ing. She would motor for hours and hours with her crown on; it was quite impossible to mistake her . . . she was

the delight of all those foreigners, and especially Americans, who came to her Capital to study Art.

The Artificial Princess

"Her great regret you know . . ." the murmur came, "she is . . . God forgive her . . . the former Favorite of a King; although, she herself declares, only for a few minutes."

* * *

"Who would credit it!" she breathed, turning to an attaché, a young man all white and penseroso, at her elbow.

"Credit what?"

"Did you not hear what the dear King said?"

"No."

"It's almost too appalling . . ." Lady Something replied, passing a small, nerveless hand across her brow.

"Won't you tell me though?" the young man murmured gently, with his nose in his plate. Lady Something raised a glass of frozen lemonade to her lips. "Fleas," she murmured, "have been found at the Ritz."

The Flower Beneath the Foot

Gaiety and zest and the post WW I climate in which Firbank lived explain much about his "enchanted literary garden." After all, most of the bright and beautiful young men of his world had been slaughtered, as Osbert Sitwell and Lady Diana Manners have well observed. He lived in an atmosphere of—to-hell-with-it, because-nothing-much-matters—which he translated into theatrically and deftly-sketched lunacy and wicked truths, woven into glittering entertainment. For him there was also the sophisticated shock and the outrage of formal religion and the genuine amusement derived from playing with words and flouting conventions and

making perilous explorations into hitherto forbidden regions while clad in pale blue sequins. His technical achievement in writing was startling. To quote Osbert Sitwell: "His dialogues are quicker and lighter than had hitherto been designed for a novel, and his influence can be detected in writers of more content than himself, and indeed, in the most unlikely places . . ."

Firbank's life was as fantastic, in its way, as are his stories. He came from sturdy stock—his ancestors were coal miners—but his grandfather struck it rich. His father built railways, married into good family, became a baronet, and lived in style. Ronald always had an income, less than he had been accustomed to after his father's death, but sufficient for his constant travels in exotic countries, and a flat in London during the season at a fashionable address. His mother was most indulgent—he dedicated one of his stories to her with great affection. He had a brother and a sister, but nothing is known of his relations with them.

His health was never good. Highly nervous, he was almost inarticulate at times due to the effect on him of people or surroundings. He made the remark once that everything about him was affected, including his lungs. He had difficulty swallowing his food and drank too much. He seems to have been very lonely. "Always alone," remarks Osbert Sitwell, "at ballets and concerts and exhibitions. It seemed to him that he must ever seek the affection of others to a greater extent than they sought his friendship." (What a familiar ring that has.) Osbert Sitwell finally got to know him and writes most affectionately and understandingly of him in *Noble Essences*. Firbank died in Rome at the age of 39 in a cold, damp palace—quite alone.

Francis Morgan Farley

MOVIES:

A HOMOSEXUAL WHODUNIT

The homosexual as victim not victimizer? What a pleasant, refreshing, almost rejuvenating concept. As expressed in the film currently showing at art theatres throughout the country, the idea has dramatic possibilities as well as shock effect. Not a lot mind you, but with typically British genius for compromise, the motion picture *Victim* which treats the subject of homosexuality almost fairly, if not squarely, also is a "jolly good thriller."

Victim is basically an attack on the laws in England as they pertain to homosexuality. Its main characters are a boy named Barrett who hangs himself in a jail cell because the police want to know why he stole money and a young barrister named Farr who knows why. The inevitable answer is that Barrett is being blackmailed as a homosexual. It is all very exciting viewed as a suspense drama, but its significance from our point of view does not lie in the story's entertainment value (for accurate and thorough review of book based on film see ONE, March, 1962) but rather in its message—a plea for understanding and toleration of homosexuality. Time and again characters stand up and demand the right to lead private lives safe from blackmailers and the police. In fact the sympathy and patronizing becomes a little sickening more than once. But then the picture is not especially designed for a homosexual audience. The man on the inside will immediately see flaws in it. The important thing is that presumably Mr. and

Mrs. Average will not see the bad points. Some of the distortion was probably necessary to make the picture palatable to the general public. Here lies the major contribution of *Victim*: that it appears possible the picture may reach and influence for the better thousands of people which ONE has not been able to, at least so far. Truly, the men who made the film were brave. Not that they did not expect to make money. Ten years ago, however, the picture would have caused a riot. Even today it is being shown without the seal of approval from the Motion Picture Code.

Personally, I could have wished for a little more balance in the types of homosexuals represented. They were all so sort of harmless and goody-goody. And Dirk Bogarde who plays Melville Farr, a homosexual going straight, is sadly miscast as he was in *The Spanish Gardener*. Throughout the picture he is too precise and meticulous—to much of an "old auntie" to ever be anything else. Also unconvincing is Peter McEnery in the role of Boy Barrett. This boy, the victim, is supposed to have inspired the love and adoration of any numbers of men. But we never know quite how this could be possible. Neither his actions nor his looks (he is pimply-faced and somewhat too old) are likely to arouse such response.

But these are minor flaws. The picture has much social significance, and should do the cause a lot of good. I urge everyone to go see it.

D. S.

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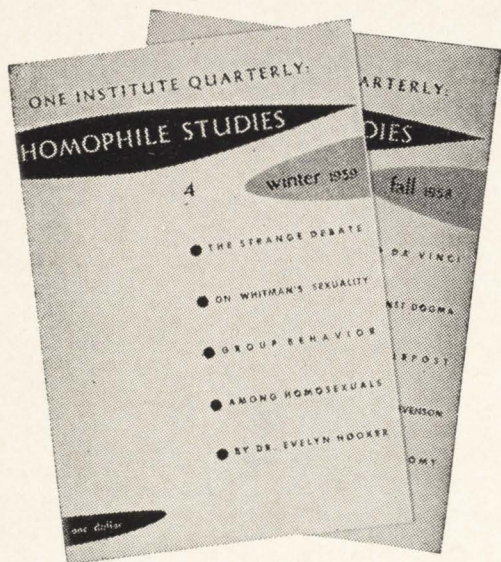
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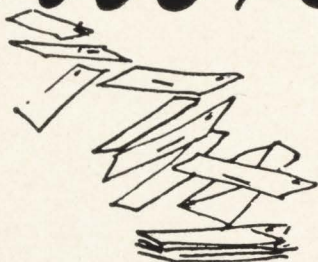
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ONE Institute, Education Division of ONE, Incorporated
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Letters



UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DO THE EDITORS FORWARD LETTERS FROM READERS TO OTHER PERSONS NOR DO THEY ANSWER CORRESPONDENCE MAKING SUCH REQUESTS.

READERS ON RELIGION

Dear ONE:

Although I feel many homosexuals are wasting their lives in various ways I still want to see them have basic rights and treatment. I have seen several God-created homosexual marriages fail because of the overwhelming opposition of our so-called Christian society. I want to live long enough to see established a Christian environment wherein any Joe or Mike can meet when young, fall deeply in love and have the support and love of their parents to boot.

Then, perhaps, this same Joe and Mike can live as Christian, homosexually married people and on their thirtieth anniversary tell how wonderful it was to have each other and to love one another.

Is there any greater Christian reason for living than to help our younger homosexuals know the joy of a God-created homosexual deep love affair? If we work hard enough, somewhere in the world tomorrow two human beings will be given at some beautiful moment in life that love so deep and wonderful that lifts the lovers out of the present and places them in God's presence.

Mr. G.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Editors:

I am a sixteen year-old homosexual. I have realized that I was since I was fourteen. I fail to understand why many people seem to frown upon adult homosexuals who have relationships with teen-agers. I find that I enjoy an experience with an older man, in fact I am going steady at present with one thirty-seven years old.

He is both mature and understanding with me, more so than I could ever expect my parents to be. He has shown me that Gay people are often more tolerant and liberal than straight ones are, and made me realize that with us there are no barriers such as religion, race or nationality.

Can my relationship be so wrong? I have

learned many things from homosexuals that have given me greater insight as to what love is all about.

Mr. G.

New York, N.Y.

Dear Secretary:

Homosexuals and lesbians have a moral code given to them by Jesus, as taught by Mirothomi, the mystic. Love is a serious and holy thing and we have moral obligations, just as heterosexuals do.

Mr. H.

Victoria, Australia

Dear Friends:

Do not think me a crackpot for saying this—I urge you to encourage a religious approach to the problem you are dedicated to help solve. Follow the examples of the Jews, Negroes and others who have suffered various forms of persecution.

The problem is essentially a moral one. Base your stand on the moral truth at the center of your being. Avoid identification with any particular church, also hostility to any. Your church is in your heart.

We need science, psychology, biology, anthropology and the rest, but they have not helped much yet, because the poetic, mythical, religious and moral aspects of the truth have not been sufficiently recognized. Society will not accept, much less love, you until the hearts of individuals have been touched.

Scientific facts cannot reach the heart, but the poetic truth, the moral truth can, does, and will influence the human heart with sympathy and admiration.

Mr. W.

Newark, New Jersey

To Whom It May Concern:

Churches are locked and barred with iron doors. To whom does one turn in the hour of need? Thank God, I can still communicate with God. He at least is there when I call.

It took me ten years to accept finally what I am, but the heartbreaking part in this all is that the person I love is so troubled that he is taking out all his hurts on me—much the way I reacted at the same age.

Mr. M.

San Diego, California

Dear Editors:

The fanatical suppression of sex by our sanctimonious society, and the restrictive legislation that they have invented, has brought about another Garden of Eden paradox for, instead of suppressing, the result has been an amazing intensification—like pouring gasoline upon a fire to put it out.

Thereby, also, one of Nature's intended control valves—the homosexual—was frustrated. Already the scene is so crowded that the average man no longer can find employ-

ment or means of support. I would ask our omnipotent society, what do you propose now?

I am tempted to repeat the indictment made by Jesus, "Ye generation of vipers,"—poor, blind, hypocritical, fumbling generation of vipers.

Mr. B.
Jonesboro, Arkansas

STICKS AND STONES

Dear Sirs:

I think it is shocking that you should promote a book like **The Sixth Man**. The book is the most vicious of its kind, because it was written as a factual report and yet it is nothing but exaggerated description of the common stereotypes of the homosexual.

His accounts of bars, Fire Island, etc. are completely untrue and calculated to confirm the average person's belief that homosexuals are ridiculous clowns with nothing on their minds but sex.

It seems to me that your book service, while offering pros and cons and various attitudes, is not the place for books that are dangerous and destructive to the entire situation and cause much harm. Jess Stearn has cleaned up at our expense.

Mr. K.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

May we suggest that Mr. K read our review of **The Sixth Man** (One, July, 1962) before forming any conclusions.

Sirs:

Having read recently of your organization and its work in the very fine books, Mailer's **Advertisements for Myself** and Mercer's, **They Walk in Shadow**, I was interested that there existed such brash and very heroic people. While I think that the cause you people support is futile, if for no other reason than poor public relations, I could not help but admire your courage.

On poor public relations, you should be militant about your cause, for it is just. I did not until recently know you existed. For all anyone in my town knows your Magazine and organization are defunct. I had to find out from Norman Mailer that such a society had ever existed.

In this lovely little democracy of ours, exactly how many times have you been censured by "patriotic" American organizations?

Mr. C.
El Paso, Texas

Gentlemen:

I have had occasion to read the Magazine on and off for the past year with mixed feelings. There are times when the language of the contents gets quite pretentious, with a pretentious pseudonym at the end.

I am not a prudish person to be offended by the least vulgarity but if you are trying to be respected by the outside world then for goodness sake don't print things like Doyle (is that his real name?) Eugene Livingston's "Love Is the Night." This seems to be the work of a rank amateur and a sick mind to boot. He has a lot to learn and you as editors do too.

One more beef. We wish to be accepted as regular human beings by the hetero world—they have enough weird notions about us already. Cannot the art work be more down to earth? I realize you probably don't have much professional help but if we are to have a representation of us available to the public at large, then make it as civil as possible. ONE doesn't have to be arty to be intelligent.

Mr. R.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Don Slater:

The issue (March, 1962) might be discouraging to some readers, beginning with Cory's realistic look at the disturbed ones and ending with my letter, "Dear Young Cousin." It was a wise decision to pitch my small effort at realism into the same issue with Cory being rational at length. Both pieces are inoffensively phrased.

What may disturb some of Cory's readers is the lack of data concerning who among the disturbed could change from homosexuality to ?, even if they wanted to. It's quite unconvincing to point to exceptional cases who changed, for Kinsey informed us that bisexuality of various sorts is much more common than homosexuality.

Edward Denison
_____, Texas

Dear ONE:

Provoked, i.e. brought to life, as usual by our horribly distilled little Magazine, just thirty stingy pages ending with those stylized brisk-young-businessman Letters. They are so patterned—like slim lapels and skinny pant-legs.

Spare us those so-dreary goodykins with good-intentions such as Donald Webster Cory with his blather about Society, Disturbed, Enjoyment of Guilt and all the rest of his Apology-for-being-cured. Society is, like God, anything you want to call it, undefined but useful.

Hooray for Alison Hunter's Editorial (March, 1962)—she says the whole thing with a mere gesture.

Mr. H.
Brooklyn, New York

Dear ONE:

That speech of Cory's (March, 1962) was a masterpiece of disorganization, scientific naivete, lack of logic, combined with poor

taste—considering the occasion. The term "rational" seems clearly to be something he picked up from Ellis, but in my opinion, he hardly develops his thesis in a rational way.

Mr. R.
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

The March issue is a wonderful month's bouquet, what with Cory and Edward Denison waxing eloquent. Who could wish for more? As I have contended right along, ONE needs more contributors of Mr. Cory's and Mr. Denison's readability.

Mr. M.
Dallas, Texas

ERRATA IN EROTICA

Dear Editors:

ONE has chalked up a number of wins for ones. It's done the trick by being a publication that's getting increasingly onto the stands. The tricky moment is when any body breaks cover, "comes out." Every life form has to do it. And most fail to make it. One slip and you're done. ONE's skill however has to grow with each further step.

Its progress is like that of the boy exhibiting on the high wire. He may show off as much as he likes provided he can keep his balance. The public will pay to see him because they get a kick out of watching how *risque* he can be and not fall off. If he crashes they'll prosecute him for "performing an improperly dangerous act."

ONE's public is growing. Its subscription list gives no real record of its impact. But no more than the tight-rope acrobat can ONE make an impatient step. It is hard for any minority treated with abominable injustice not to get relief by calling the callous majority names and enjoy shocking the smug. Yet that majority has to be not war-waged-against but won. And it is wavering.

ESQUIRE, PLAYBOY and now EROS—these are able magazines that are widening rapidly the breach in the front of "tight-laced Puritanism." As the hetero wins freedom for variety and dilation in the standard shrunken standards permitted for display, he is winning such liberty for all variants from a comprehensively stupid tabu. Once that tabu is shattered the principle (which it violates) of all just law becomes clear and will be reestablished: "Any law against any practice, to be just, must show that the act which is to be condemned has and does, when performed, cause manifest social damage."

The three magazines mentioned above dissolve prejudice by able informed writing on hot themes, witty satire, broad humor, illustrations, reproductions and photos (which are so cleverly presented that they can show what still can't be so plainly said) and ultra-smart provocative ads.

EROS intends to close the circle of investment round the citadel of prudery by showing (as have those who have broken the stupid censorship on books) that great art is naturally continually dealing with erotic themes. If ONE will then take a page from the skillful strategy of these successful periodicals, avoid abuse and brutality and stress the clever, the smart, the exhibitionistically entertaining it could well come to find itself a national magazine.

D. B. Vest
London, England

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE?

Dear ONE:

Sorry for the delay in mailing in my renewal. I was using the renewal slip for a book marker and ran across it today.

Mr. W.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Slater:

The services ONE performs and the relentless struggle to inform and make things easier for all of us is completely beyond monetary value. Why can't each and every one of your twenty-five thousand readers send just one dollar?

If we are to remain disunited and can't help ONE then I'm ready to give up my membership in the human race. Let's start a ONE-for-ONE campaign.

Mr. C.
Seattle, Washington

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ONE, Incorporated, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles 6